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SACAJAWEA

AND

OTHER POEMS

By CAPT. R. K. BEECHAM

SOUVENIR EDITION

LEWIS AND CLARK

Centennial Fair

PORTLAND, OREGON

1905

SACAJAWEA

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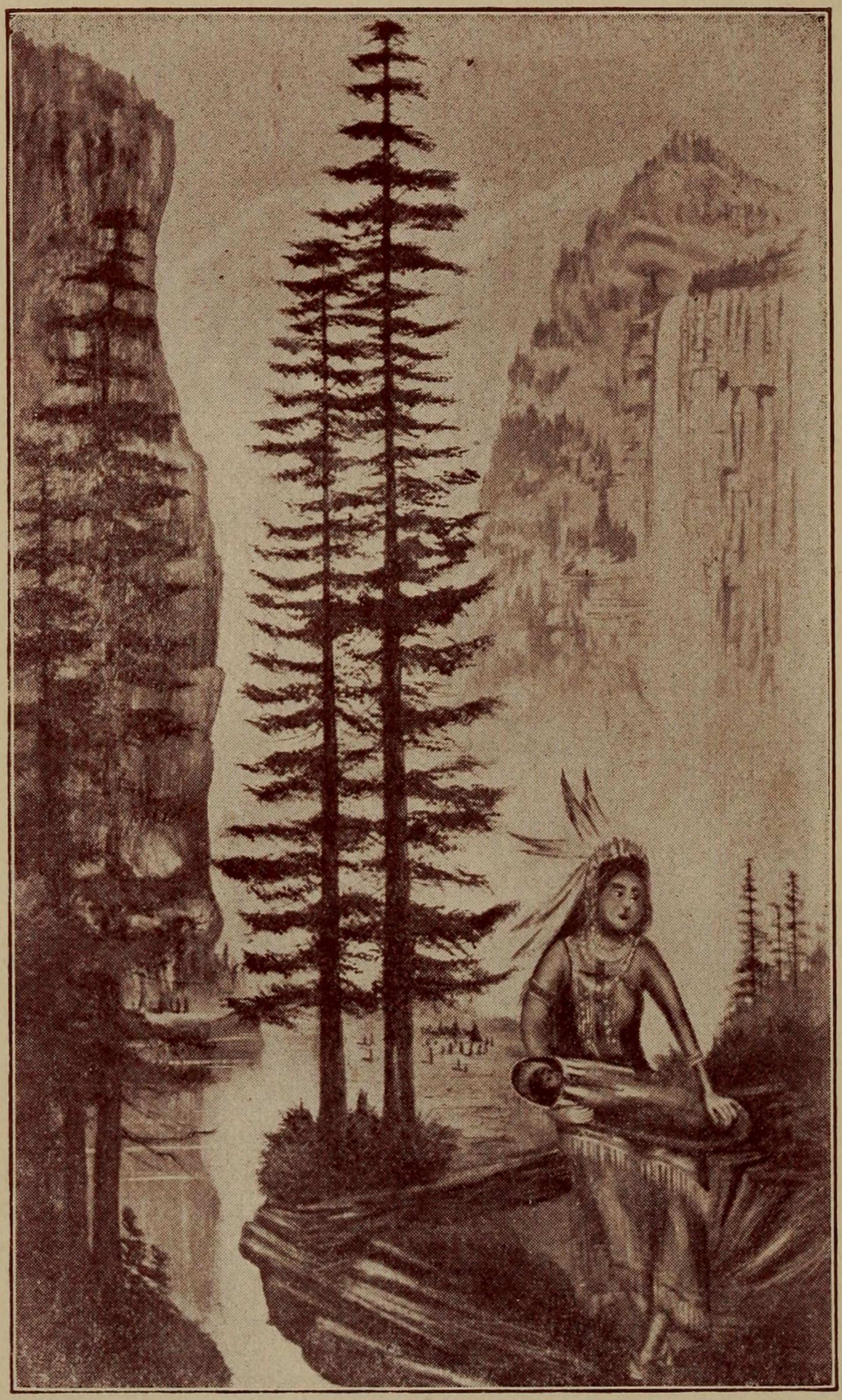


"In the Shining Mountains my people dwell."

SACAJAWEA

"We would find where the sunset gates are ajar,
We would pass o'er the mystic mountains afar
To the ocean that rolls 'neath the evening star,
O kindly red brothers and true:
We obey the Great Father's wise command;
Can you bring us a guide who hath seen that land--
Whose tongue the far tribes may understand?"
Spake the chiefs of the pioneer crew.

"I came from that land of the setting sun,
Where his ray's into gossamer threads are spun,
And feathery rills from the mountains run,
Great captains and wise tabba-bones:*
O, my childhood home in the mountain dell--
The beauty and grandeur no tongue can tell!
In the Shining Mountains my people dwell:"
Said the bird of the wild Shoshones.

* White men.

So they breasted Missouri's turbulent tide,
Till before them the gates of the West opened wide,
And the Shining Mountains in their kingly pride,
Rose above on their great white thrones:
Then she called the dark tribes of mountain men,
Who dwelt in fair valley and secluded glen,
From tepee and cave and from secret den;--
This bird of the wild Shoshones.

And they come on fleet steeds--in amazement and fear,
When they saw her palefaced companions appear--
The wonderful words of their princess to hear,
Just returned from the land of their foe:
And her brother--Chief Cameahwait--gave them a guide,
And furnished them surefooted horses, to ride
O'er the steep, winding trails of the Great Divide,
To the rivers that westward flow.

O, Sacajawea, the peerless one!
She led the brave band of pioneers on,--
She unlocked the heart-trail to the great Oregon
In that wild Indian-mountain land:
And they found the grand river of the unknown West,
And they floated away on his mighty breast,

Through a land, as an empress adorned and dressed,
To the billowy ocean strand.

Behold now the grand growth of the century,
Since they carried the Star-spangled Flag of the free,
O'er the Shining Mountains to the far western sea,
And the land of the Oregon won:
O, the wealth and the glory of mountain and plain,
That shall wax with the ages but never shall wane!
In these states--now a part of our broad domain--
Idaho, Oregon, Washington.

Now the red man follows the trail no more;
But within this great city on Willamette shore,
From afar and from near, by ten-thousands pour
Our race, of the strong tabba bones:
They gather to honor that pioneer crew--
Captains Lewis and Clark, and their men brave and true;
But to whom is more excellent honor due,
Than the bird of the wild Shoshones.

LAND OF THE OREGON

LAND OF THE OREGON

I.

Lewis and Clark expansion's course outlined,
When o'er the Rocky Range her van they led;
Still, to the East our Nation was confined,
And Boston was her hub; great Daniel Webster said:

II.

" What do we want of that vast, worthless land,
That region of wild beasts and savages;
Of deserts, dust, whirlwinds of shifting sand---
The dreary home of Nature's direst ravages?

III.

" To what use could we put those sterile granges,
Where only prairie dogs and cactus grow;
Or those impenetrable mountain ranges,
To their broad bases covered with eternal snow?

IV.

"What can we ever hope to do, or gain
With full three thousand miles of western coast---
Rock-bound and cheerless, uninviting, vain;
That in its dreary length cannot one harbor boast?

V.

"No, Mr. President, I will never vote
One cent from out the public treasury,
To bring that dread Pacific Coast remote,
One inch nearer to Boston than it is today."

VI.

Great Webster, with his fathers, sleeps in peace!
Though wise among the statesmen of his day,
With his demise all progress did not cease
And, "Westward, still, the course of Empire made its way."

* * * * * * *

VII.

"Land of the Oregon!" Brave Whitman trod
The winter trail to show thy wondrous worth---
Fair as The Garden from the hand of God!
As near a paradise as may be found on earth.

VIII.

These "worthless plains," that wrought Websterian scorn,
Now furnish countless herds rich pasturage,
And yield, by train-loads, life-sustaining corn,
The hunger of the wide-world's millions to assuage.

IX.

These "mountain ranges," glacier-crowned and hoar,
Impenetrable, terrible and grand!
For long a secret, deep-filled treasure-store,
Now opens wide its doors to fill the Nation's hand.

X.

A "lack of harbors" stirred great Daniel's fear---
Behold the sheltered roads and land-locked seas
That up and down our West-coast line appear,
Where all the navies of the world may ride at ease.

XI.

Far-seen above these world-wide, ocean ports,
Commercial centers---regal cities--- swell,

Where mansions vie with Boston's stately courts
And, happily, broad-minded men and women dwell.

XII.

From Boston Bay to isle-gemmed Puget Sound,
From Sandy Hook to surge-beat Tillamook
Broad highways lead; our coasts with life resound,
And o'er the waves, with radiant eyes, tall beacons look.

XIII.

Coast-lined, five thousand miles, Pacific rolls
His billowy surges on our golden strand;
In thunder tones, earth's grandest ocean tolls
An everlasting anthem to her fairest land.

XIV.

And o'er the Western Sea---God's free highway---
A thousand leagues beyond Columbia's shore,
Our Starry Flag, the harbinger of day,
Shall wave above the sea-girt isles forever more!

CHINOOK POEMS

THE BREATH OF THE CHINOOK

When the "Beautiful Snow" covers valley and
field,
All the landscape knee-deep lying o'er;
And the Frost King the rivers and rills hath con-
gealed,
From the mountains to Puget Sound shore:

When the "Evergreen State" wears a mantle of
white---
Spotless trains of the monarchs of old---
And the dark Inland Sea is the shadow of night
In this midwinter day, bright and cold:

When the cedars, like specters, stand out tall and
straight,
High against the blue arch of the sky;
And the hemlocks and firs, all unused to the
weight
Of their white robes, in agony sigh:

When the cattle unhoused, and the wild deer in vain
Seek a wisp, or a brake, or a blade;
When the "Beautiful Snow" hath cast Washington rain
For the nonce out of sight in the shade:

Comes the gentle Chinook through the coast mountain wall,
From Pacific's vast surf-beaten strand;
Soft of touch, with a step like an angel's foot-fall,
And she breaths her warm breath o'er the land.

Lo, the monarchs of old in their white togas, free,
High enthroned, glory crowned and serene!
But from mountains bold down to the isle-jeweled sea,
All the forests and meadows are green.

SONG—THE BEAUTIFUL BAY

O, the beautiful bay
Of the inland sea,
That reaches away
To the Island's lee;

Without may the breeze
And the breakers war,
And the billowy seas
May roll from afar;
But the ships sail in,
In their stately pride,
And a harbor win,
That is safe and wide.

CHORUS

O, the beautiful bay,
Ever buoyant and free;
O, the glorious bay
Of the isle-jeweled sea!

O, the peaceful bay
In the Island's lee,
Where the zephyrs play
O'er the land-locked sea;
Or the sun's rays gleam
On her waters at rest,
And the green islands seem
Asleep on her breast;
And the ships that ride
O'er the peaceful bay,
In their stately pride
Sail out and away.

CHORUS

O, the beautiful bay,
Ever buoyant and free;
O, the glorious bay
Of the isle-jeweled sea!

O, the dancing bay,
By the breezes fanned;
Beyond and away
Stand the mountains grand,
And they smile and they frown
In their bonnets of snow,
As they look far down
On the Islands below
And the ships, that away
In their stately pride,
Sweep over the bay,
To the ocean wide,

CHORUS

O, the beautiful bay,
Ever buoyant and free;
O, the glorious bay
Of the isle-jeweled sea.

PUGET SOUND

Behold a picture from the hand of God!
A radiant sea set in a field of glory,
Where giant firs and stately cedars nod
Above the hills, and chant their magic story;
All framed in rock-ribbed walls no foot hath trod,
Whence rear their heads, the everlasting mountains hoary.

I sail the land-locked sea, whose waters lave
The feet of wooded cape and verdant island;
With joy I watch the buoyant, laughing wave,
In wild abandon, break on beach and highland,
Or gaze, enrapt, beyond the forests brave,
Far up the festooned slopes, God's gardens of the skyland.

Forever flow thy music, sounding sea,
No voice save thine can sing thy changing glory;
O firs and cedars, kings of minstrelsy,
No human harpers chant such rhythmic story;
O monarchs bold, supreme in majesty,
Nor tongue can praise, nor pencil paint the mountains hoary!

SONG OF PEACE

OUR FLAG O'ER THE ISLANDS

Look away, can you see where the enchanted isles,
Priceless gems on the breast of old ocean, are gleaming,
The bright emblem of peace wreathed in radiant smiles,
Over Liberty's watch towers buoyantly streaming,
And the trumpet's loud blare with wild cheers rend the air,
Giving proof that our flag heralds joy over there;
Look away, tis the flag of progression that waves
O'er the fairest of islands the broad ocean laves.

On the billows away where the East meets the West,
Where the wave-cradled gems of the ocean are sleeping;
What is that which shines forth from the isles doubly blessed,
And the scepter of power to their hands give the keeping!
Now it catches the gleam of the tropic sun's beam,
And its glory transfigures each mountain and stream;

L. of C.

Flag of peace and progression, O, long may it wave,
O'er tne fairest of islands the free waters lave.

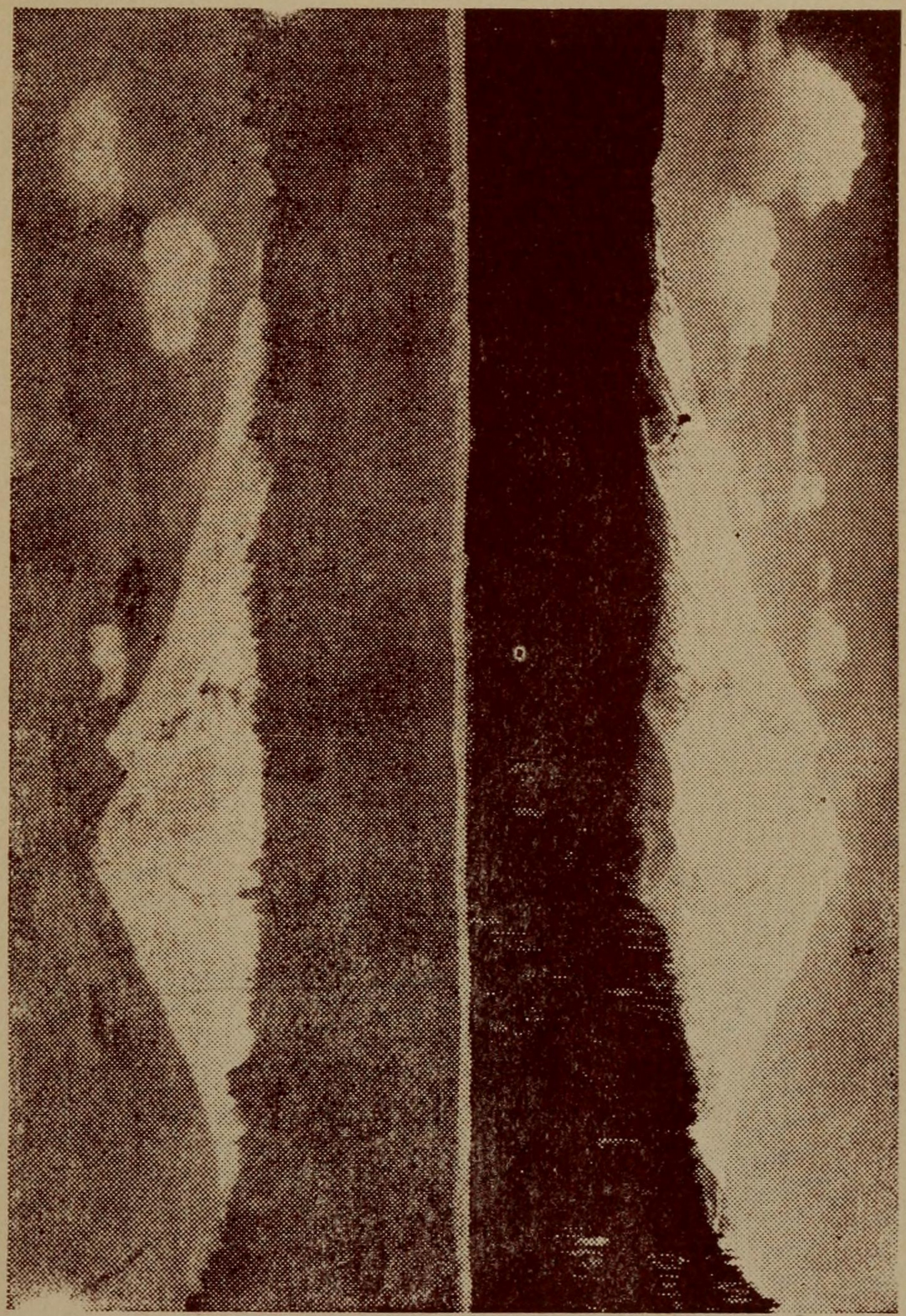
And where now is that gang that persistently vowed
These fair islands should never receive annex-ation?
Gainst "Imperialism" they had talked long and loud,
But their talking brought only disgust and vexation;
No base effort could save these rare gems of the wave
From uniting their fate with the "land of the brave,"
And the flag of progression in triumph doth wave
O'er the fairest of islands the bright waters lave.

O, thus be it ever when brave men shall strive
For the acme of Freedom's sublime inspiration;
May these gems of the sea, from this union derive
All the blessings enjoyed by our free, mighty Nation;
And progress we will and our mission fulfill,
And this be our glory, "God leadeth us still,"
And our grand flag of Freedom shell evermore wave,
O'er the fairest of islands the glad water lave.

MT. BAKER

Beside the borderland, serene and fair,
Type of the honored State of Washington;
Piercing the realms of Freedom's vital air
And based her firm unyielding rocks upon,

A steadfast sentinel o'er th' outmost north,
Clad not in garments costly, rare and strange,
But robed in spotless white; stands grandly forth
The best dressed mountain of the Cascade Range.



Following are the exact words of Daniel Webster, spoken in the senate of the United States, only three-fourths of a century ago, with reference to this "Land of the Oregon."

"What do we want of that vast, worthless area, that region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts, of shifting sands and whirlwinds of dust, of cactus and prairie dogs? To what use could we ever hope to put those great deserts, those endless mountain ranges, impenetrable and covered to their bases with eternal snow? What can we ever hope to do with the western coast of three thousand miles, rock-bound, cheerless and uniniviting, with not a harbor in it? What use have we for such a country? Mr. President, I will never vote one cent from the public treasury to place the Pacific coast one inch nearer Boston than it is today."

Ah, if Mr. Webster could have dropped into Portland, Oregon, in 1905, and with mortal eyes beheld the Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition; to his once clouded vision what an inspiration would have been presented, of this "Land of the Oregon."

LB D '05

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